

*The first part of the contention of the two famous*  
And take my leaue to poste with speede to France.

*exit Somerset.*

*King* Come vnckle Gloster, now lets haue our horse,  
For we will to Saint Albones' presently,  
Madame, your hawke, they say, is swift of flight,  
And we will trie, how she will flie to day. *exiunt omnes.*

*Enter Elnor, with sir Iohn Ham, Roger Bullenbrooke a Coniurer,*  
*and Margery Iourdaime a Witch.*

*Elnor.* Here sir Iohn, take this scrole of paper here,  
Wherein is writ the questions you shall aske,  
And I will stand vpon this Tower here,  
And heare the spirit what it saies to you,  
And to my questions, write the answers downe.

*She goes vp to the Tower.*

*sir Iohn.* Now sirs begin and cast your spels about,  
And charme the fiends for to obey your wills,  
And tell Dame Elnor of the thing she asks.

*Witch.* Then *Roger Bullinbrooke*, about thy taske,  
And frame a circle here vpon the earth,  
Whilst I thereon all prostrate on my face,  
Do talke and whisper with the diuells below,  
And coniure them for to obey my will.

*She lies downe vpon her face.*

*Bullenbrooke makes a circle.*

*Bullen* Darke night, dread night, the silence of the night,  
Wherein the Furies maske in hellish troupes,  
Send vp I charge you from Sofetus lake,  
The spirit *Askalon* to come to me,  
To pierce the bowells of this centricke earth,  
And hither come in twinc kling of an eie,  
*Askalon, Ascenda, Ascenda.*

*It thunders and lightens, and then the spirit*  
*rise th vp.*

*spirit.* Now *Bullenbrooke*, what wouldst thou haue me do?

*Bullen.* First, of the King, what shall become of him?

*spirit.*

*spirit.* The Duke yet liues t  
Yet him out liue, and die a viole

*Bullen.* What fate awaits the

*spirit.* By water he shall die

*Bullen* What shall betide th

*spirit.* Let him shun castles,

plaines, where castles mounted

Now question me no more, for

He sinkes d

*Bullen.* Then downe I say, v  
Where Pluto in his fire wagg  
Riding amidst the singde and  
The Rode of Dyas by the riue  
There howle and burne for eu  
Rise Iordane, rise, and stay thy  
Sonnes, we are betraide.

*Enter the Duke of Yorke, a*  
*and o*

*Yorke* Come sirs, lay hands  
This time was well watcht: wh  
This will be great credit for yo  
That you are plotting treasons  
The King shall haue a notice o

*Buck.* See here my Lord w

*Yorke* Giue it me my Lord,  
Go sirs, see them fast lockt in p

*Buck.* My Lord, I pray you  
Vnto Saint Albones, to tell thi

*Yorke* Content, away then, a

*Buck.* Farewell my Lord.

*Yorke* Who's within there?

*One.* My Lord.